On me, whose all not equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus.
My Dukedome to a beggerly denier.
I do mistake my person all this while.
Vpon my life she finds, although I cannot
My selfe, to be a maruailous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a looking glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of taylers,
To studie fashions to adorne my bodie,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost:
But first Ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

Enter Queene, Lord Riuers, Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, thers no doubt his Maie-
Will soone recouer his accustomed health. (stie
Gray In that you boroke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his grace with quicke and mery words.
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me.
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gr. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne.
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloecster,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarrie. (*Enter Buck. Darby*
Gr. Here come the Lords of Buckingham, and Darby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your maiestie ioyfull as you haue beene.
Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lo: of Darby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby notwithstanding, shees your wife,

And

And loues not me, be you goo
I hate not you for her proud a
Dar. I do beseech you eithe
The enuious slaunders of her
Or if she be accusde in true rep
Beare with her weakenesse, whi
From wayward sickenesse, and
Riu. Saw you the King to da
Dar. But now the Duke of
Came from visiting his Maiest
Qu. With likelihoode of h
Buc. Madame, good hope, h
Qu. God graunt him health
Buc. Madame we did: He
Betwixt the Duke of Gloceste
And betwixt them, and my Lo
And sent to warne them to his
Qu. Would all were well, bu
I feare our happinesse is at the
Glo. They do me wrong, an
Who are they that complaine
That I forsooth am sterne and
By holy Paul they loue his Gra
That fill his eares with such di
Because I cannot flatter and sp
Smile in mens faces, smooth, d
Ducke with French nods, and
I must be held a rankerous ene
Cannot a plaine man liue and
But thus his simple truth must
By silken slie insinuating Iacke
Ri. To whom in all this prese
Glo. To thee, that hast nor
When haue I iniured thee, whe
Or thee, or thee, or any of your
A plague vpon you all. His ro
(Whom God preserue better t
Cannot be quiet scarce a breat

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